

HEADLINE

10¢

HEADLINE COMICS

MAR.-APR. No. 46

adapted from

**TRUE
POLICE**
and **FBI**
cases

I DIDN'T CARE HOW
MUCH YOU PUSHED ME
AROUND, ARNOLD BUT
YOU WENT **TOO FAR**
WHEN YOU FORCED MY
BROTHER INTO YOUR
ROTTEN RACKETS.

SO, YOU'RE THE VULTURE
PREYING ON THOSE
UNFORTUNATES WHO ARE
TRYING TO GO STRAIGHT.
WELL, WE HAVE CAGES
RESERVED FOR BIRDS
LIKE YOU.



Big 52 pages!
DON'T TAKE LESS!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

NARFESTAR



THE STORY BEHIND THE ARNOLD RACKETS!

46

GO AHEAD, TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT ME. THEN PROMISE YOURSELF YOU'LL NEVER FOLLOW MY FOOTSTEPS. I'VE GOT ELEVEN MINUTES LEFT... ELEVEN MORE MINUTES TO THINK OF THE YEARS I'VE THROWN AWAY. THEY GAVE ME TIME OFF ONCE... A CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING WORTHWHILE WITH MY LIFE. I WANTED TO GO STRAIGHT, TO LEAD A QUIET, USEFUL LIFE, TO MAKE MY FRIENDS PROUD OF THEIR FAITH IN ME. BUT WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN, I DIDN'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO FIGHT FOR MY IDEALS, THE SENSE TO TURN TO THE POLICE FOR THE HELP THEY COULD HAVE OFFERED. INSTEAD, I TOOK THE EASY WAY OUT.

I slipped deeper and deeper into the clutches of the...

ENEMY of REFORM



In consideration of innocent persons involved, all names in this story are fictitious.

"JOHNNY EASTER, THAT'S ME! FUNNY HANDLE FOR A CON, EH? THAT'S THE ONLY THING FUNNY ABOUT ME. THE REST OF IT ISN'T FUNNY AT ALL... NOT MY LIFE AS A KID IN A TOUGH TENEMENT SECTION... NOT MY CRIME... NOT MY SENTENCE... NOT THE SIX YEARS I SPENT IN PRISON..."



"I'VE TOLD THE BOARD ALL ABOUT YOU, JOHNNY... ABOUT HOW YOUNG YOU WERE WHEN YOU MADE YOUR MISTAKE... ABOUT HOW YOU'VE ALWAYS LOOKED OUT FOR YOUR BROTHER. ANYTHING YOU WANT TO ADD?"

"NO SIR. EXCEPT--IF I AM PAROLED, I'M GOING STRAIGHT!"



"FOR DAYS, I WAITED FOR THE VERDICT..."

WELL, FREE! I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME, MR. STANTON--MY KID BROTHER--IS HE ALL RIGHT?"

HEADLINE COMICS is published bi-monthly by Headline Publications, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y. Editorial and Executive offices at 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. Single copy 10c. Yearly subscription (6 issues) 60c in the U. S. A. Entered as second class matter November 23, 1942, at the Post Office at Buffalo 5, N. Y. under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Entire contents copyrighted 1950 by Headline Publications, Inc. The stories in this magazine are true but names of real persons have been changed and should not be identified with any actual person living or dead. Vol. 6, No. 4, MARCH-APRIL, 1951. Trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U.S.A.

"JOE STANTON HAD ONCE BEEN THE CORNER COP IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD; I'D KNOWN HIM ALL MY LIFE! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG! BUT I DIDN'T!"

PHIL? WHY... AH... OF COURSE, YOU'VE GOT GOOD STUFF IN YOU, JOHNNY! YOUR INTEREST IN YOUR BROTHER PROVES THAT! THAT'S ONE REASON I WENT TO BAT FOR YOU! DON'T EVER LET ME DOWN!

DON'T WORRY! I'VE LEARNED THE HARD WAY! I'VE GOT JUST ONE THING TO DO FROM NOW ON AND THAT'S TO LOOK AFTER PHIL!

"I COULD HAND OUT A LOT OF BUNK ABOUT HOW I LOVED MY KID BROTHER! IN MY HEART I MEANT TO PROVE THAT LOVE NOW! AND ONE DAY, THE MOMENT CAME! I WAS HEADED FOR 'OUTSIDE!'"

LEAVING US, EH, JOHNNY? GOOD! I'M GLAD YOU MADE IT!

THANKS, JOHNSON!

HERE'S A NEW FISH, JOHNSON! WANT TO CHECK HIM IN?

"I BARELY GLANCED AT THE NEW FISH... THE NEW CONVICT! I WAS FREE! AND THEN... I HADN'T SEEN HIM FOR SIX YEARS! I HADN'T WANTED HIM TO SEE ME IN PRISON! BUT THAT SCARED, SENSITIVE FACE..."

PHIL! IT CAN'T BE... BUT... BUT IT IS!

WHAT'S HE DONE? WHY IS HE HERE? YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME! I'M HIS BROTHER!

HE'S HERE TO DO THREE TO FIVE, IF YOU MUST KNOW! NOW, TURN LOOSE ON THAT ARM, MISTER! GET MOVING!

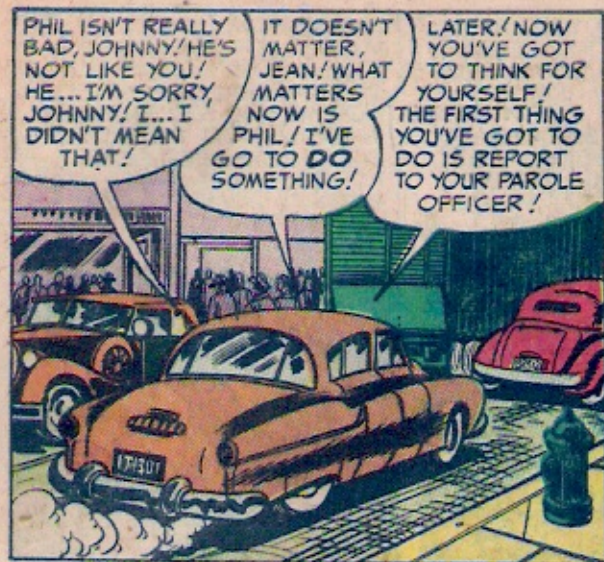
"THE HABITS OF SIX YEARS ARE NOT EASILY BROKEN. INSTINCTIVELY I MOVED ON! DAZED, SICK... BUT I MOVED ON! AND BEFORE ME THERE DANCED A PICTURE OF THAT SCARED, WHITE FACE!"

HELLO, JOHNNY! I GUESS YOU SAW HIM, EH? JEAN AND I CAME UP TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO HIM AND TO... TO... YOU REMEMBER JEAN, DON'T YOU?

YEAH, I REMEMBER HER! I...

WHAT HAPPENED? WHY IS PHIL HERE? YOU KNEW HE WAS IN TROUBLE, DIDN'T YOU? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?

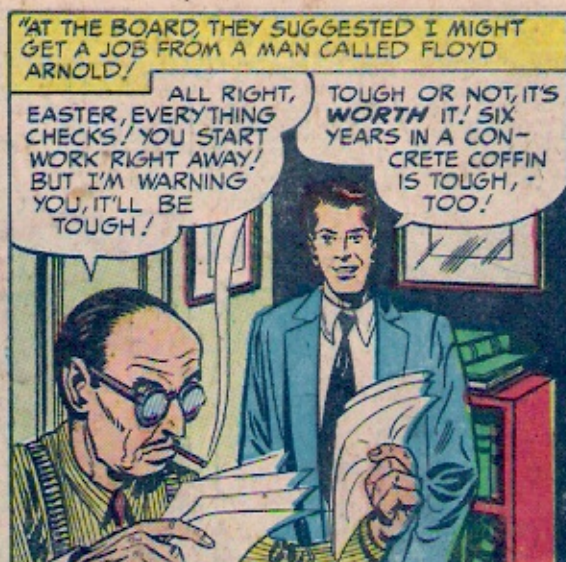
TAKE IT EASY, JOHNNY! PHIL GOT IN WITH A BAD CROWD, STOLE A CAR! THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT! WE DIDN'T TELL YOU BECAUSE IT WOULDN'T HAVE HELPED! YOU MIGHT HAVE DONE SOMETHING FOOLISH!



PHIL ISN'T REALLY BAD, JOHNNY! HE'S NOT LIKE YOU! HE... I'M SORRY, JOHNNY! I... I DIDN'T MEAN THAT!

IT DOESN'T MATTER, JEAN! WHAT MATTERS NOW IS PHIL! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

LATER! NOW YOU'VE GOT TO THINK FOR YOURSELF! THE FIRST THING YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS REPORT TO YOUR PAROLE OFFICER!



"AT THE BOARD, THEY SUGGESTED I MIGHT GET A JOB FROM A MAN CALLED FLOYD ARNOLD!"

ALL RIGHT, EASTER, EVERYTHING CHECKS! YOU START WORK RIGHT AWAY! BUT I'M WARNING YOU, IT'LL BE TOUGH!

TOUGH OR NOT, IT'S WORTH IT! SIX YEARS IN A CONCRETE COFFIN IS TOUGH, TOO!



DIDN'T LIKE STIR, DID YOU? BUT THEN... WHO DOES! JUST PLAY ALONG AND YOU'LL DO ALL RIGHT! I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU, EASTER! WE'RE GOING TO SEE A LOT OF EACH OTHER!



"THE MAN WAS SHIFTY, SLY! HIS EYES BEHIND THOSE THICK LENSES WERE AS HARD AS SHOE BUTTONS! BUT IT MEANT NOTHING TO ME! I HAD OTHER THINGS ON MY MIND!"



JOHNNY, GET ME OUT OF HERE! I... CAN'T TAKE IT! IT'S HORRIBLE! I'LL GO CRAZY!

YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE IT, PHIL! YOU'LL BE ELIGIBLE FOR PAROLE AT THE END OF THREE YEARS IF YOU KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN! YOU'VE GOT TO HANG ON!



"PHIL WAS IN A BAD WAY! I KNOW THAT FEELING! THE HOPELESS, CAGED-IN TERROR OF... TIME! TIME WITHOUT END! I TRIED TO REASON WITH HIM, TO SOOTHE HIM! BUT...

JOHNNY... GET ME OUT... GET ME OUT...

SORRY, EASTER, TIMES UP!

YEAH! THIRTY LOUSY MINUTES! OKAY! OKAY!



"I STAYED IN LINE! FOUR LONG, EMPTY MONTHS I WORKED AND THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO FOR PHIL! AND THEN, ONE DAY, IT BEGAN..."

HELLO, EASTER!

MISTER ARNOLD! I WASN'T EXPECTING YOU! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?



IT'S A PITY THAT A MAN OF YOUR TALENTS MUST LIVE LIKE THIS! I LIKE YOU, EASTER! THAT'S WHY... I'VE GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU!

A JOB? I'VE GOT A JOB! YOU KNOW THAT! I'M A MECHANIC! THIRTY A WEEK!

CHICKEN FEED! I SAID... A **JOB!** THERE'S A SHIPMENT OF FINE FURS LEAVING A CERTAIN WAREHOUSE AT NINE TONIGHT, EASTER! **YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME... AH... TAKE IT!**



TAKE...IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT HIJACKING! BUT THAT'S CRAZY! YOU RUN AN EMPLOYMENT AGENCY... NOT A RACKET!

IT TAKES YOU A WHILE TO CATCH ON, DOESN'T IT, EASTER? I RUN A FEW SIDE-LINES! NOW, ARE YOU IN OR NOT?

YOU...WHY, YOU CHEAP, DIRTY...NO, I'M NOT IN! **I'M GOING STRAIGHT!** GET OUT! GET OUT BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT!



LOOK, EASTER! YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT YOU BROKE YOUR PAROLE LAST WEEK! THAT CAR YOU DELIVERED FOR ME WAS STOLEN! YOUR NAME WAS ON THE BILL OF SALE! REMEMBER? ONE WORD FROM ME AND...UGH!

WHY YOU DIRTY NO...



I'LL OVERLOOK THAT, EASTER! NOW, LISTEN! IF YOU WENT TO THE POLICE, IT'S YOUR WORD AGAINST MINE! YOU'RE AN EX-CON! I'M A RESPECTABLE BUSINESS-MAN! NOW YOU PLAY BALL OR I'LL TIP OFF THE PAROLE BOARD ABOUT THAT CAR!

ALL RIGHT! YOU WIN! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?



THAT'S BETTER! MUCH BETTER! IT'S EASY, REALLY! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PLAY BALL! I TOLD YOU THAT FOUR MONTHS AGO, IN MY OFFICE, REMEMBER?



"THAT NIGHT, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN SIX YEARS, THERE WAS A ROD IN MY POCKET!"

JOHNNY! JOHNNY EASTER!

JAKE LAMSON! BILL CLAY! WHAT ARE **YOU** DOING HERE?

UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS.. THE SAME THING YOU ARE! SO ARNOLD GOT YOU, TOO!



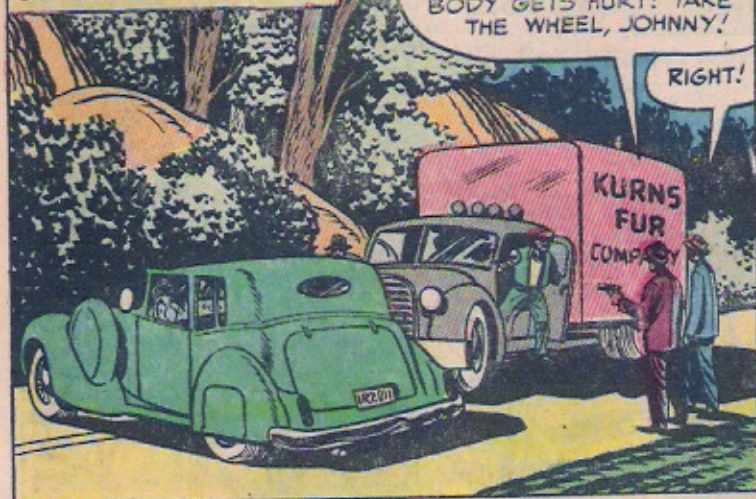
"I KNEW THESE MEN! I HAD DONE TIME WITH THEM! IN THE NEXT FEW MOMENTS I LEARNED A LOT! FLOYD ARNOLD HAD A MOB! A MOB OF EXPERTS, HAND PICKED, AND COMPLETELY UNDER HIS THUMB!"

THAT'S THE DEAL, JOHNNY! ARNOLD'S GOT US OVER A BARREL! US AND A LOT OF OTHER GUYS! WE TAKE ORDERS! IF WE DON'T...IT'S BACK TO THE BIG HOUSE...ON **TRUMPED UP** PAROLE VIOLATIONS!

YEAH, AND IF WE DON'T GET GOING, THAT TRUCK WILL BE GONE BEFORE WE GET A CRACK AT IT! ARNOLD WOULDN'T LIKE THAT! COME ON!



"IT WAS SO FAMILIAR.
SO ROTTENLY FAMILIAR..."



THAT'S RIGHT! DROP DOWN
NICE AND EASY AND NO-
BODY GETS HURT! TAKE
THE WHEEL, JOHNNY!

RIGHT!

YOU-- TAKE MY
TRUCK, WILL
YOU?

OKAY, WISE
GUY!



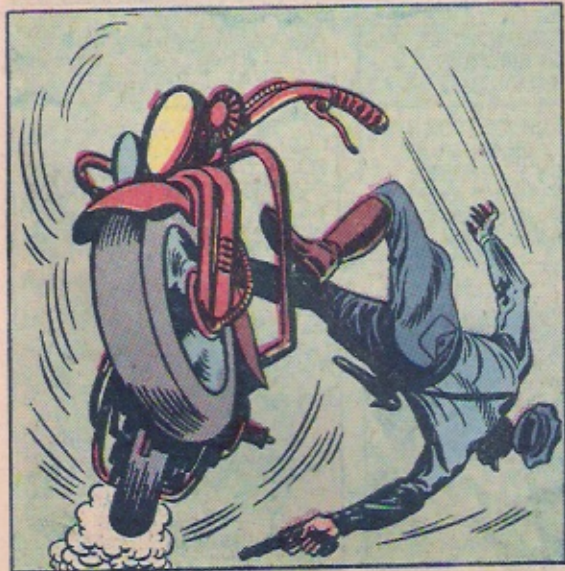
TAKE
IT!



I HEAR A
MOTORCYCLE!
PROBABLY A
TROOPER!
GET THE
TRUCK
GOING!



"CLAY AND I GOT TO THE CAB OF
TRUCK WHILE LAMSON FIRED AT THE
FAST APPROACHING MOTORCYCLE!"



"I SAW WHAT HAPPENED IN THE MIRROR OF THE
TRUCK I WAS DRIVING! I WAS AN ACCESSORY
TO A DOUBLE MURDER! IT ROARED OVER AND
OVER IN MY HEAD AS I DROVE BACK TO THE
GARAGE! AFTERWARD..."

NICE GOING, BOYS! JAKE,
HERE, TOLD ME HOW YOU
HANDLED THE JOB! HE
BEAT YOU BACK BY
TEN MINUTES!
GOOD WORK!

GOOD WORK! THERE
ARE **TWO DEAD**
MEN ON THE ROAD
BACK THERE, ARNOLD!
YOU--



"I RAVED, I SCREAMED, I SHOUTED... AND ARNOLD SMILED! AND WHEN I HAD FINISHED..."

NOW THAT YOU'VE GOTTEN IT OFF YOUR CHEST... GET BUSY! I WANT THAT TRUCK UNLOADED AND OUT OF HERE IN HALF AN HOUR!



COME ON, EASTER! WHY TALK YOURSELF BACK INTO THE PEN?

"I WAS SICK! SICK! AND JAKE LAMSON'S VOICE DROWNED IN MY EARS..."

DON'T BE A CHUMP, EASTER! WHAT CHANCE DOES AN EX-CON HAVE ANYWAY?

YOU CAN MAKE DOUGH, EASTER! WHY NOT?



"WHY NOT? WHY NOT? PHIL WOULD NEED A START! AND I WAS TRAPPED! FOR DAYS THOSE WORDS WERE ALWAYS WITH ME! WHY NOT?"

SO YOU FINALLY GOT SMART, EH? I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D PASS UP A CHANCE TO MAKE REAL DOUGH! I NEED A FRONT MAN, EASTER! YOU'LL DO FINE!

IF IT MEANS DOUGH... OKAY!



"AND SO... FROM NOW ON, YOU MONKEYS WILL BE TAKING ORDERS FROM ME! I..."



FROM... US, EASTER! FROM US! THINGS SHOULD WORK OUT VERY NICELY! VERY NICELY!

"FLOYD ARNOLD'S SETUP WAS BIG! HE HAD GUNMEN, STOOLES, CRIBMEN, EVERYTHING! AND EVERY MAN UNDER PERFECT CONTROL! I MADE MONEY! MORE MONEY THAN I KNEW EXISTED! BUT I LOST SOMETHING, TOO!"

OKAY, SO YOU'VE BEEN HEARING RUMORS ABOUT ME! WHAT ABOUT IT?

JUST THIS! YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ME, JOHNNY! YOU'VE GONE BACK TO THE RACKETS! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE GETTING AWAY WITH IT BUT... PLEASE, JOHNNY, STOP! STOP WHILE YOU CAN!



PHIL WILL NEED MONEY WHEN HE GETS OUT! I'M GETTING IT FOR HIM!



YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT! NOW YOU'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE YOU STARTED! I WISH YOU LUCK, JOHNNY! I'VE GOT A HUNCH YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT!

"JOE STANTON WAS MY FRIEND, THE ONLY REAL FRIEND I'D EVER HAD! I THOUGHT OF THAT THE NEXT TIME I VISITED PHIL!"

JOHNNY, JEAN TOLD ME THAT YOU'VE GONE BACK! IT ISN'T TRUE, IS IT, JOHNNY?

OF COURSE IT ISN'T TRUE! JEAN JUST DOESN'T UNDERSTAND! I'VE GOT A GOOD JOB, THAT'S ALL! WHEN YOU GET OUT, I'LL HAVE ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US!



"PHIL BELIEVED ME! IT WAS AFTER THAT VISIT WITH HIM THAT I TRIED TO GET OUT FROM UNDER!"

QUIT? SURE YOU COULD QUIT! BUT YOU WON'T! YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO GO TO THE CHAIR, WOULD YOU, JOHNNY? FOR... MURDER?

YOU'D NEVER PIN THAT ON ME! LAMSON DID THE SHOOTING! I WAS JUST...





...JUST THERE WHEN IT HAPPENED! I'VE GOT A LOT OF MEN UNDER MY THUMB, JOHNNY! MEN WHO WOULD SWEAR TO **ANYTHING** IF I TOLD THEM TO! FOR INSTANCE...CLAY AND LAMSON! THEY'D SWEAR **YOU** PULLED THE TRIGGER, JOHNNY!

YOU ROTTEN, CRAWLING...

"I DON'T KNOW HOW I FOUND THE STRENGTH TO KEEP MY HANDS FROM THAT SKINNY THROAT! THE HATRED WAS LIKE FIRE IN MY VEINS! BUT I CONTROLLED IT!

YOU'D BETTER... GET OUT! GET OUT BEFORE... I KILL YOU!

I'LL DO THAT! BUT I'LL BE BACK... THE NEXT TIME I **NEED** YOU! AU REVOIR, JOHNNY!



"AND SO, IT WENT ON...



'A YEAR... TWO... THREE... THE FEW PEOPLE I HAD KNOWN AND RESPECTED DROPPED AWAY FROM ME! THERE WAS A WHOLE YEAR WHEN I DID NOT SEE JOE STANTON, AND WHEN I DID...

SORRY, JOHNNY! I GUESS I'M STILL A COP AT HEART. I DON'T SHAKE HANDS WITH CRIMINALS!

THAT'S A HARD WORD TO USE... WITHOUT PROOF!

PROOF? NO, THERE'S NO PROOF! YOU'VE BEEN REAL SMART! BUT WE WON'T GO INTO THAT, PHIL'S PAROLE COMES UP THIS WEEK! I CAN HELP HIM OR KEEP HIM IN JAIL! AS HIS BROTHER, YOU...

YOU CAN SKIP THE LECTURE! YOU JUST GET HIM OUT! I'LL DO THE REST! I CAN DO A LOT FOR PHIL NOW! I'VE GOT DOUGH!

SURE! RACKET DOUGH! MY DAUGHTER'S IN LOVE WITH THIS BOY! SHE'S WAITED THREE YEARS FOR HIM! I'LL HELP HIM... IF YOU GIVE ME YOUR WORD TO **STAY AWAY** FROM HIM! PHIL WILL BE ALL RIGHT... IF HE ISN'T EXPOSED TO **YOU**!





SO YOU GUESSED, AFTER ALL! WELL, YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW! **PHIL'S RUNNING WITH A MOB!**

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR HEAD! PHIL MAY HAVE BEEN A WILD KID, BUT UNTIL HE STOLE THAT CAR HE NEVER DID ANYTHING CROOKED!



HE IS NOW! I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING BUT HE JUST DENIES IT! ASK HIM, IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME! MAYBE HE'LL TALK TO YOU!

I'LL DO THAT! AND IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE... I'LL **STRAIGHTEN** HIM OUT IF I HAVE TO BEAT HIM TO A PULP!



"HAVE YOU EVER LOOKED INTO A MIRROR AND NOT LIKED WHAT YOU SAW THERE? I DID, WHEN I SAW PHIL! HE WAS ME! ME AS I HAD BEEN A FEW YEARS AGO! TOUGH! COCKY! WISE!"

PHIL! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? LOOK AT YOURSELF! YOU LOOK LIKE A ...MUG!

SO WHAT? WHAT DO YOU THINK **YOU** LOOK LIKE? IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, TOO!



PHIL, LISTEN TO ME! YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! THERE'S JUST ONE ENDING FOR A RACKET GUY! ON A SLAB! IF IT'S DOUGH YOU'RE AFTER, I'VE GOT PLENTY! IT'S YOURS! BUT GO **STRAIGHT!**

SAVE IT! I'LL MAKE MY OWN DOUGH! JUST LIKE YOU DID!



"PHIL WAS... DIFFERENT! HE LAUGHED AT ME, SWORE AT ME..."

I'LL LIVE MY OWN LIFE, JUST LIKE YOU DID! ALL I WANT YOU TO DO IS STAY OUT OF MY WAY! AND...

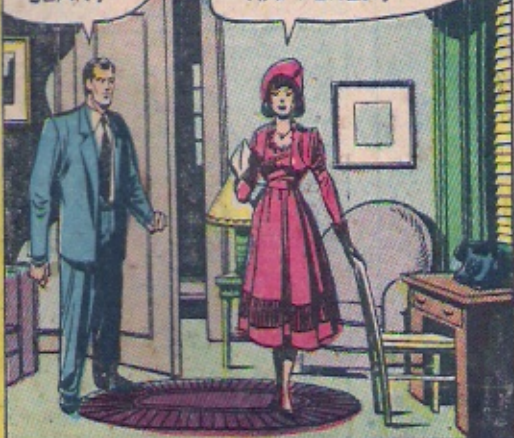
SHUT UP YOU HALF-BAKED LITTLE FOOL! **SHUT UP!**



"HE JUST LOOKED AT ME! THEN, HE TURNED HIS BACK! I WALKED OUT SILENTLY! I HAD NOTHING LEFT NOW! IN MY HOTEL ROOM I SAT FOR HOURS, STARING AT THE WALLS! THEN, SOMEONE KNOCKED..."

IT... IT'S NICE OF YOU TO COME AND SEE ME, JEAN!

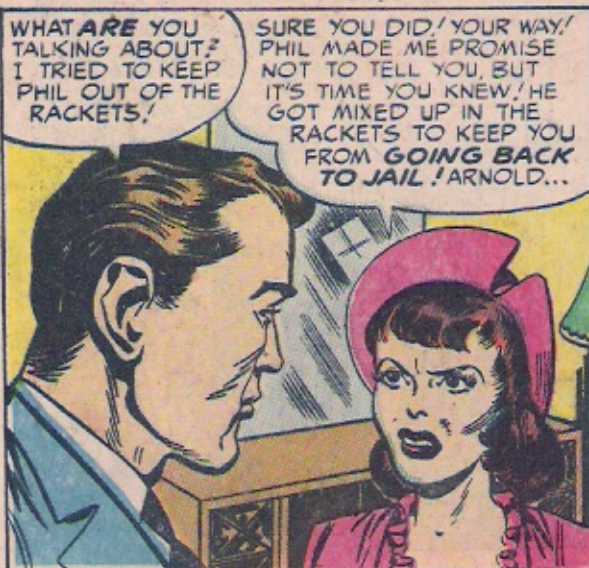
I DIDN'T COME BECAUSE I WANTED TO! I CAME BECAUSE I HAD TO! PHIL TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED!



I SEE! I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT! I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT PHIL! BUT HE'S MAKING SUCH A ROTTEN MISTAKE! I WANTED TO SHOW HIM!

PHIL HASN'T MADE ANY MISTAKE! **YOU** MADE THE MISTAKES! PHIL IS DOING WHAT HE'S DOING BECAUSE OF YOU! TO SAVE **YOU!** AND YOU AREN'T WORTH IT!





"SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE ME! BUT THAT DIDN'T HURT ANY MORE! PHIL HAD COME THROUGH! HE HAD TAKEN IT, FOR ME! I WAS SMILING, LATER, WHEN I WENT TO ARNOLD'S OFFICE!



"I WAS STILL STANDING THERE WHEN THE POLICE CAME! I TOLD THE TRUTH AT MY TRIAL! ALL THE TRUTH! IT GOT PHIL OFF, BUT AS FOR ME... WELL, I'LL BE FREE SOON, TOO! FREE... FOREVER!



Joe Enders was in a tough spot! Unarmed and wounded, he faced certain death at the hands of the same gunman who shot down his buddies. Only a miracle could save him now! And that miracle had to come from...

BEYOND THE GRAVE!

In consideration of innocent persons involved, all names in this true story are fictitious.



adapted from a
**TRUE
POLICE
case**

AROUND THE PRECINCT STATIONS THEY CALL IT THE "MILKMAN" HITCH... MID-NIGHT TO EIGHT A.M. THE COPS USUALLY CHECK IN EARLY AND SIT AROUND THE STATION RECREATION ROOM WAITING TO GO ON DUTY.

WHAT'RE YOU READING, SARGE- COPS AND ROBBERS? ANY- THING GOOD?

NOT BAD! NOT BAD AT ALL-- BUT YOU KNOW, FLANAGAN, SOMETIMES I THINK I OUGHT TO TAKE A CRACK AT THIS STORY WRITING GAME!

YOU'RE KIDDING!

WHY NOT! I'VE SEEN SOME PRETTY FUNNY THINGS HAPPEN IN MY TWENTY-TWO YEARS ON THE FORCE! I CAN REMEMBER ONE CASE IN PARTICULAR.. ONE I HAD **PERSONAL** INTEREST IN --

MAKE IT GOOD, SARGE!

JUST DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM, SARGE! GO ON, TELL US ABOUT IT!



"OKAY, I WILL! ACTUALLY, THIS CASE STARTED WHEN I WAS ABOUT NINE! THAT'S WHEN I MET FRED AND BILL! WE GREW UP TOGETHER, WENT TO SCHOOL TOGETHER, JOINED THE FORCE TOGETHER! **THAT'S** WHEN IT BEGAN..."

I KNOW HOW YOU MUST FEEL... THE OTHER MEN EVEN CALL YOU THE THREE MUSKETEERS! BUT IT CAN'T BE HELPED! I HATE TO BREAK YOU UP, BUT... ORDERS! I'M SORRY!



"YOU SEE, FRED AND BILL HAD BEEN ASSIGNED TO A PROWL CAR... AND WE'D ALWAYS BEEN TOGETHER, BEFORE!"

WE'LL MISS YOU, JOE!

YEAH! WHY COULDN'T WHO-EVER DESIGNED THESE BLAMED THINGS HAVE BUILT 'EM TO CARRY THREE!

AW, CUT IT OUT, YOU TWO! YOU MAKE IT SOUND AS THOUGH I WAS **NEVER** GOING TO SEE YOU AGAIN!



SOMETIMES, BEING A COP HAS ITS DRAWBACKS! I FEEL LIKE I'M MISSING AN ARM WITH JOE NOT AROUND! HE... HEY! LOOK, AT THAT!

DOING EIGHTY IF THEY'RE DOING A MILE! LET'S STOP THEM!

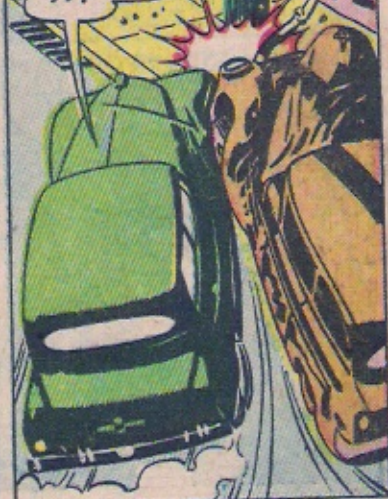


IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THEY FIGURE ON STOPPING!

THEY'LL STOP, ALL RIGHT! GRAB THAT RIOT GUN AND HANG ON! NOW!



THAT DID IT!



"THREE MEN RAN FROM THAT CAR AND DISAPPEARED UP AN ALLEY AND FRED AND BILL FOLLOWED! IT HAPPENED FAST!"

AMBUSH! THEY WERE... AHHH...



"FRED DROPPED DEAD! BUT BILL KEPT COMING, EVEN WITH A SLUG IN HIM! THAT'S HOW HE GOT THE GUN!"

ONE OF 'EM'S STILL ON HIS FEET!

FORGET IT! COME ON! HE'S DONE!





THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



WHEEE-EE

THAT'S A POLICE WHISTLE! COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

"THAT WAS MY BEAT AND I WAS THE COP BEHIND THAT WHISTLE! I'D HEARD THE SHOTS, THAT'S HOW I MANAGED TO GET THERE BEFORE... BEFORE BILL DIED!"

GUN... I GOT... HIS GUN! THREE... MEN! ONE TALL... LIMPED... JOE, YOU... YOU... GET 'EM! YOU... AHHHH...

I'LL GET 'EM, BILL! THAT'S A PROMISE! BUT NOW... BILL! BILL!



"I TRIED GETTING PUT ON THE CASE, AFTERWARD! I TRIED HARD! BUT I WAS A PATROLMAN, NOT A DETECTIVE!"

I'M SORRY, ENDERS! IF YOU WANT TO GO AFTER THE MEN WHO KILLED YOUR BUDDIES ON YOUR OWN TIME, I CAN'T STOP YOU! BUT I CAN'T HELP YOU, EITHER! AT LEAST... NOT OFFICIALLY!

AND... UNOFFICIALLY, LIEUTENANT?



UNOFFICIALLY... THOSE MUGS WERE RUNNING FROM A STICK-UP! THE CAR THEY USED WAS STOLEN! NO PRINTS ON THE GUN! BUT RIGHT NOW, IT'S IN THE LAB! GOOD LUCK, ENDERS!

THANKS, LIEUTENANT! I'LL JUST TAKE A LITTLE WALK TO THE LAB!



NO LUCK, ENDERS! TRACING THAT GUN IS OUT OF THE QUESTION! NO BALLISTIC RECORD, NO FINGERPRINTS, NO RECORD OF PURCHASER, NO NOTHING! JUST THIS!

THIS?



WE PUT THE GUN THROUGH WHAT WE CALL THE "VACUUM CLEANER"! THIS IS WHAT CAME UP! LINT FROM A MAN'S POCKET! ONLY THING UNUSUAL IS THAT IT SHOWS TRACES OF POLLEN... FROM CHERRY TREES!

CHERRY TREES! CHERRY TREES IN CHICAGO! BUT... THERE JUST AREN'T ANY!



"FOUR YEARS WENT BY AND I EARNED MY SERGEANTS STRIPES! BUT THERE WAS NO JOY IN THEM, NOT WITHOUT FRED AND BILL! I KEPT THINKING ABOUT THEM! AT HOME, AT MY DESK, AT...



FINAL IN LINE-UP! JOHN "GIMPY" LEWIS, ARRESTED TENTH AND MAIN, LOITERING! NEAR PRODUCE BANK! RECORD OF FOUR ARRESTS...



WAIT A MINUTE! THAT LAST MAN! LEWIS! **GET HIM BACK!**

"I SUPPOSE I'D QUESTIONED TWO HUNDRED OR MORE TALL MEN WHO LIMPED IN THE PAST FOUR YEARS! BUT... THERE WAS ALWAYS A CHANCE!"

COPS! HOW WOULD I KNOW ABOUT COPS? ESPECIALLY DEAD COPS! I NEVER KILLED NOBODY! YOU'RE MAD!

THEN SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME JUST WHERE YOU WERE AT NINE O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 3RD, FOUR YEARS AGO!



"THAT'S A LONG TIME, FOUR YEARS! FEW MEN COULD REMEMBER THAT FAR BACK... UNLESS THEY HAD A REASON! BUT GIMPY LEWIS REMEMBERED!"

SURE! I WAS UP ON MY FARM! TENDING MY CHERRY TREES! I'M A FARMER! I STILL OWN THE PLACE! YOU CAN CHECK! ROUTE THIRTEEN, KENT COUNTY!



THAT'S A LIE! FOUR YEARS AGO ON THAT DATE YOU WERE IN A CAR, RUNNING FROM A STICK-UP! AND YOU RAN INTO TWO COPS IN A PROWL CAR!

"CHERRY TREES! I WAS CLOSE! I HAMMERED AT GIMPY FOR HOURS! ONLY ONCE, FOR A MINUTE, DID I LEAVE HIM! AND FINALLY HE BROKE!"

ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL YOU! I WAS IN ON IT! BUT I COULDN'T HELP IT! IT WAS SLICK AND LEFTY! THEY DID IT!

THAT'S BETTER, GIMPY! NOW, HOLD IT THERE! I WANT THIS IN WRITING, WITH YOUR SIGNATURE UNDER IT!



"THERE WAS A POLICE STENOGRAPHER RIGHT OUTSIDE! I COULD HAVE CALLED TO HIM! BUT I DIDN'T! INSTEAD, I WALKED TOWARD THE DOOR AND MY BACK WAS TO GIMPY!"

I'M NOT FRYING, COPPER! NOT FOR KNOCKING OFF A PAIR OF DUMB FLATFOOTS!



UGH!

"GIMPY WOULD TALK JUST SO FAR, THEN STOP! I KNEW THAT! AND I WANTED THREE RATS, NOT ONE! THAT'S WHY I HAD ARRANGED AN OPPORTUNITY FOR HIM TO ESCAPE!"

YOU WERE RIGHT, SERGEANT! HE CAME OUT OF YOUR WINDOW RIGHT ON SCHEDULE! I'VE BEEN ON HIS TAIL EVER SINCE!

NICE GOING, DAVIS! NOW... GIVE ME THAT ADDRESS!



"A HALF HOUR LATER!"

HE'S IN THERE! SAY
THAT WALLOP HE
HANDED YOU MUST
HAVE BEEN A PIP!

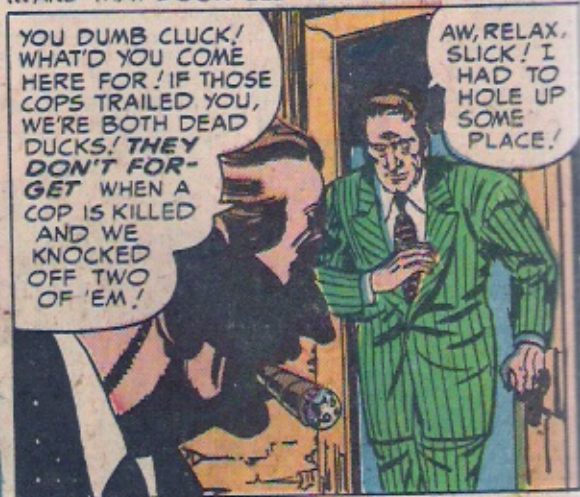
IT WAS WORTH IT!
I'M GOING IN THERE!
IF I'M NOT OUT IN FIVE
MINUTES... **COME
AND GET ME!**



"GIMPY WASN'T IN THE PLACE, NOT OUT FRONT,
ANYWAY! BUT THERE WAS A DOOR AT THE BACK
... AND THAT DOOR LED TO ANOTHER..!"

YOU DUMB CLUCK!
WHAT'D YOU COME
HERE FOR! IF THOSE
COPS TRAILED YOU,
WE'RE BOTH DEAD
DUCKS! **THEY
DON'T FOR-
GET** WHEN A
COP IS KILLED
AND WE
KNOCKED
OFF TWO OF 'EM!

AW, RELAX,
SLICK! I
HAD TO
HOLE UP
SOME
PLACE!



ALL RIGHT,
RAISE 'EM!
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!
BOTH OF
YOU!

YOU...
ARGHH!



**DROP
IT!**

NO! NO,
COPPER!



AHH-H!

I WARNED
YOU, RAT!



"AND THEN THERE WAS... ONE! THE WAY I SAW IT,
THERE WAS JUST ONE PLACE WHERE THAT 'ONE'
COULD BE! GIMPY'S FARM! A COUPLE OF DAYS
LATER, I ASKED FOR A LEAVE!"

ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT,
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR
LEAVE / YOU'VE
EARNED IT!
GOING ON A
VACATION?

NOT...NOT
EXACTLY, SIR!
BUT I EXPECT
TO ENJOY IT!
I'M GOING
OUT IN THE
COUNTRY!



"I FOUND THE FARM WITHOUT TOO MUCH
TROUBLE!"

I'M LOOKING
FOR A MAN NAMED LEFTY!
WOULD THAT BE YOU?
I'VE GOT A MESSAGE
FOR HIM!

IT MIGHT BE...
AND IT MIGHT
NOT! **WHO ARE
YOU?**



SLICK SENT ME!
OH, HE DID, EH?
THAT'S INTERESTING!
REAL INTERESTING!



"I KNEW ALMOST AT ONCE,
THAT I HAD MADE A MISTAKE!
SLICK WAS DEAD AND LEFTY
KNEW IT! I DIDN'T WAIT FOR
LEFTY TO GET HIS ROD ALL
THE WAY OUT!"

HERE'S THE
MESSAGE,
HARD GUY!

UGH!



"FOUR YEARS WERE IN THAT
PUNCH! FOUR BITTER, LONELY
YEARS! IT WAS QUITE A WHILE
BEFORE LEFTY CAME TO!"

HOW...
HOW DID
YOU FIND
ME?

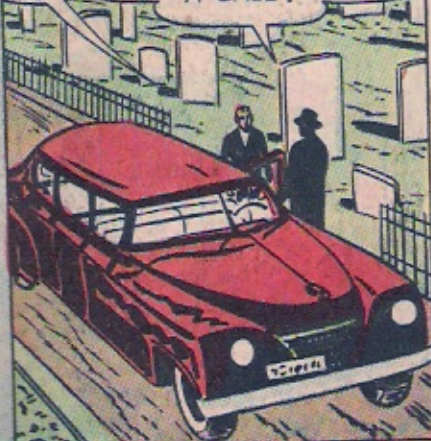
IT'S A LONG STORY,
LEFTY! ALL ABOUT
THE BIRDS AND
THE BEES! POLLEN,
LEFTY! EVER HEAR
OF IT? SOMETIMES IT
COMES FROM CHERRY
TREES... JUST LIKE
THOSE!



"IT WAS
A LONG
DRIVE
BACK
TO THE
CITY!
MY JOB
WAS
DONE!
I FELT
HAPPY
AND A
LITTLE
SAD,
BOTH
AT THE
SAME
TIME!
THAT'S
WHY I
STOPPED
A FEW
HOURS
LATER..."

SAY,
WHAT
IS
THIS?

A CEMETERY, RAT! THE
CEMETERY YOU SENT
TWO GOOD MEN TO!
COME ON, WE'RE PAYING
A CALL!



"SENTIMENTAL! SURE, I WAS SENTIMENTAL! THERE
WERE TEARS IN MY EYES WHEN I STOOD BE-
SIDE THE TWO GRAVES!"



"I DIDN'T
HEAR THE
SNAP OF
THE
BLADE
AS LEFTY
TOOK THE
KNIFE
FROM ITS
HIDING
PLACE!
BUT
SOME-
THING
WARNED
ME! I
TURNED...
AND THE
KNIFE
WENT
INTO MY
SIDE
INSTEAD
OF MY
SPINE!"

YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE TURNED
YOUR BACK,
COPPER!

OH!



"I GRABBED AND HUNG ON... AND THAT LICKING,
RED HOT BLADE FOUND ME! TWICE... THREE
TIMES!"



"I FOUGHT FOR MY LIFE! BUT I WAS HURT! HURT BAD AND I COULDN'T MOVE! I JUST WAITED..."

NOW, COPPER! NOW! I'M LEAVING! BUT BEFORE I DO, I'M GOING TO SEND YOU ON YOUR WAY! TO JOIN YOUR PALS!



"THAT WAS WHEN IT HAPPENED! LEFTY SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE STONE! IT WAS RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM ON BILL'S GRAVE!"

WHAT—



"LEFTY NEVER MOVED AGAIN. FOR AWHILE I JUST STOOD THERE HURTING. THEN AFTER AWHILE I BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND! ABOUT FRED AND BILL, I MEAN WHAT THEY HAD DONE FOR ME."

IT-IT'S ALL OVER NOW, BOYS! THANKS— THANKS FOR THE— HELPING HAND!



SAY, SARGE, THAT IS A GOOD YARN! MAYBE I HAD YOU ALL WRONG! WHY DON'T YOU SEND IT TO THAT MAGAZINE! MAYBE THEY'LL PRINT IT!

YEAH, MAYBE! THE ONLY TROUBLE IS THE ENDING! WHO'D EVER BELIEVE IT!



THE GREATEST INDIAN THAT EVER LIVED!

NOW IN COMICS!



**AMERICAN
EAGLE**

STARS IN THE NEXT ACTION-PACKED
ISSUE OF YOUR FAVORITE WILD
WEST COMIC!!



BURIED ALIVE!

In consideration of innocent persons involved, all names in this true story are fictitious.

He was left to rot in the musty blackness of the escape proof dungeon. But Special Agent Walter Kearns refused to quit! He vowed to prove that, although he may be down, a G-Man's never out!

SO YOU'RE WALTER KEARNS, SPECIAL AGENT! YOU DON'T LOOK VERY IMPRESSIVE, G-MAN, IT'S A PITY YOUR FBI FRIENDS CAN'T SEE YOU NOW!

ONE OF THESE DAYS, THEY WILL, AND WHEN THEY DO, YOU AND I WILL BE CHANGING PLACES!

adapted from a
**TRUE
FBI
case**

ANY FEDERAL AGENT WILL TELL YOU THAT SOMETIMES A CASE DOES NOT END WITH THE CAPTURE AND CONVICTION OF THE WANTED MAN. TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, THE CASE OF ROLAND MARSH, CONVICT NUMBER 11613, AND OF WALTER KEARNS, THE MAN WHO GAVE HIM THAT NUMBER...

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MARSH? WELL, HERE I AM!

MY WIFE HAS BEEN WRITING TO ME, G-MAN, ABOUT HOW YOU'VE BEEN TAKING CARE OF HER AND THE KID SINCE I'VE BEEN IN COLD STORAGE. YOU'RE OKAY, KEARNS.

THANKS! BUT YOU DIDN'T GET ME OUT HERE TO TELL ME THAT!

NO, I DIDN'T! I WANT TO TIP YOU OFF TO THE THINGS GOING ON IN HERE THAT THE FBI WOULD BE REAL INTERESTED IN... **RACKETS!**

IN HIS NINE YEARS AS A G-MAN WALTER KEARNS HAD HEARD MANY FANTASTIC STORIES... BUT THIS ONE... **RACKETS GOING ON INSIDE PRISON...** WAS TOO MUCH...

THANKS FOR THE TIP, MARSH. I KNOW YOU MEANT WELL, BUT...

BUT I'M TELLING YOU THE TRUTH. I'M **RISKING** MY NECK SAYING THAT MUCH. BUT YOU'VE DONE ME A FAVOR. NOW I'M DOING YOU ONE. THE REST IS UP TO YOU!



STIR-CRAZY! THAT WAS WALTER KEARNS' FIRST REACTION. BUT 11613 HAD SAID ALL HE INTENDED TO SAY! TO THE G-MAN'S QUESTIONS, HE GAVE NO ANSWERS. AND LATER...

RACKETS? HERE? THAT'S A BIT HARD TO SWALLOW, KEARNS. IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** STILL, IF YOU WANT TO INVESTIGATE...

NO, OF COURSE NOT, WARDEN! THE MAN'S JUST A BIT CELL-HAPPY, I SUPPOSE! I WON'T TROUBLE YOU ANY FURTHER!



ACCOMPANIED BY A PRISON GUARD, THE FEDERAL AGENT WAS CROSSING THE PRISON YARD TO THE GATE, WHEN...

ARGH-H-

WHAT THE...

THAT VOICE... IT... IT'S **MARSH!** HE'S HURT! I'M GOING BACK AND CHECK ON HIM!



A FEW SECONDS LATER...

IT'S MARSH! SOMEONE'S STABBED HIM! HE'S **DEAD!**



FANTASTIC! AND YET ALL G-MEN ARE TAUGHT THAT NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE, NOTHING TOO "FANTASTIC" TO ESCAPE INVESTIGATION! A FEW DAYS LATER, AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS IN WASHINGTON...

WITH A SPECIAL AGENT ON THE SCENE, THE INVESTIGATION THAT FOLLOWED WAS SWIFT AND THOROUGH! AND... FRUITLESS!



IT'S INCREDIBLE, WARDEN! I WONDER IF MARSH COULD HAVE BEEN RIGHT! I WONDER IF HE WAS KILLED ...TO SHUT HIM UP!

I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER, TOO! A MAN IS STABBED WITH A THREE SIDED BLADE, IN A LOCKED CELL, AND THE KILLER AND THE WEAPON BOTH VANISH! IT MIGHT BE ...NO! IT'S TOO **FANTASTIC!**



I TELL YOU, SIR, MARSH KNEW SOMETHING SO IMPORTANT THAT HE WAS KILLED FOR SPILLING IT! AND WARDEN ROBERTS KNOWS MORE THAN HE'S SAYING! I WANT TO GO BACK TO GORDON CITY PRISON... AS A **CONVICT!**

YOU! WHY YOUR LIFE WOULDN'T BE WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL INSIDE THOSE WALLS! YOU'D BE RECOGNIZED!



NEITHER WOULD THE LIFE OF ANY OTHER AGENT! BUT THIS CASE CAN BE CRACKED FROM THE INSIDE! I'LL **TAKE THE RISK!** I WANT THE MAN WHO MURDERED ROLAND MARSH!

I SUPPOSE YOU COULD CHANGE YOUR APPEARANCE ENOUGH TO... ALL RIGHT, KEARNS! IT'S **YOUR CASE,** GO TO IT AND SMOKE OUT THE PUNKS WHO ARE TRYING TO GIVE OUR SPLENDID PRISON SYSTEM A BLACK EYE!



THE MAN WHO STOOD BEFORE WARDEN JAMES ROBERTS A FEW WEEKS LATER BORE VERY LITTLE RESEMBLANCE TO AGENT WALTER KEARNS!

QUITE A RECORD, LEECH! EVERYTHING FROM ASSAULT TO BANK ROBBERY!

SO WHAT!

SO YOU'RE HERE TO DO FIVE TO TEN! DO 'EM AND KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN AND YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE! THAT'S ALL! TAKE HIM AWAY!



WALTER KEARNS KEPT HIS NOSE CLEAN--AND HIS EYES AND EARS WIDE OPEN...

THAT'LL BE FIFTY BUCKS!

YEAH, YEAH! I KNOW!



AND HE CULTIVATED THE RIGHT PEOPLE ...

IT'S A CINCH! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IN THIS JOINT IS PAY OFF AND YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING YOU WANT! I SMUGGLED A NOTE OUT THE OTHER DAY FOR FIFTY BUCKS!

YEAH! SOUNDS SIMPLE! BUT DON'T TELL ME ONE CON CAN HANDLE A DEAL LIKE THAT ALL BY HIMSELF, WHO GETS THE FIFTY? WHO'S THE HEAD MAN?



JOE PARKS, THAT'S HIM OVER THERE! HE RUNS A REGULAR SERVICE! FIFTY CLAMS FOR SMUGGLING OUT A NOTE, THIRTY FOR AN EXTRA VISITOR'S PASS! HE'S GOT A GOOD DEAL!

YEAH! SO GOOD IT MIGHT PAY TO DO A LITTLE MUSCLIN' IN!



IT MIGHT IF YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH! AND IF YOU COULD MAKE THE CONNECTIONS! PARKS HAS HIS BOYS SPOTTED IN THE BAKE SHOP, THE DISPENSARY, EVERYWHERE! AND HE'S TOUGH!

THEY DIDN'T SEND ME UP HERE BECAUSE I WAS A GOOD LITTLE BOY! MAYBE I'D BETTER DO A LITTLE SNOOPING!



THE RACKETS PARKS RAN WERE TOO PAT! IT WAS NOT REASONABLE THAT PARKS ALONE COULD HAVE ORGANIZED ALL THIS! SO KEARNS BEGAN SEARCHING FOR CLUES!

WELL, WELL! DOING A LITTLE PRIVATE INVESTIGATING, LEECH?

PARKS!



TAKE IT EASY, PARKS! I WAS JUST LOOKING FOR YOUR... YOUR PRIVATE LIST!

SURE YOU WERE! I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT YOU, LEECH! THINKING OF SETTING UP IN COMPETITION, EH? PRETTY SMART, SNEAKING IN HERE DURING EXERCISE! YOU NEED A LITTLE DISCOURAGING! TAKE HIM BOYS!



EVEN AS KNUCKLES BRUISED HIS FLESH, AND HEAVY, SHOD FEET SMASHED AGAINST HIS BODY, G-MAN KEARNS WAS EXULTING INSIDE! PARKS DID NOT SUSPECT! TO HIM KEARNS WAS JUST ANOTHER CON! MOMENTS LATER...

I THOUGHT I HEARD A COMMOTION! OKAY, PARKS, WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

SEARCH ME! WE FOUND HIM LIKE THAT!

THAT..THAT'S RIGHT, GUARD! I FELL AND HIT MY FACE AGAINST THE BUNK!



THERE WERE NO QUESTIONS! THE GUARD DIDN'T ASK WHAT THESE MEN WERE DOING HERE WHEN THEY SHOULD BE IN THE YARD! THAT TOO, WAS FOOD FOR THOUGHT! BUT FOR THE MOMENT!

YOU WERE SMART TO KEEP QUIET, LEECH! WHAT YOU JUST GOT WAS ONLY A SAMPLE! TRY MUSCLIN' IN AND THE NEXT TIME IT'S CURTAINS!

MAYBE! IF THERE IS A NEXT TIME, THINGS MAY BE DIFFERENT!



THE CUTS AND BRUISES HE HAD RECEIVED WERE TO THE G-MAN, MERE INCIDENTALS INCURRED IN THE LINE OF DUTY! BUT HE HAD LEARNED A LESSON! FROM THEN ON, HE WORKED UNDER-COVER!

DON'T BE A CHUMP! I'LL PAY YOU TWICE AS MUCH AS PARKS DOES IF YOU WORK FOR ME!

SOUNDS GOOD! MAYBE WE CAN MAKE A DEAL, LEECH!

LOOK, SMILEY! I CAN USE A MUSCLE MAN! I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE! HOW ABOUT IT?

SURE, WHY NOT!



WITHIN A FEW WEEKS, KEARNS FORMED HIS OWN MOB AND WAS IN COMPETITION WITH PARKS!

I'M WARNING YOU, LEECH! QUIT WHILE YOU'RE STILL BREATHIN'!

AS LONG AS I'M HERE, I FIGURE TO MAKE IT PAY OFF! TRY AND STOP ME! JUST TRY!



WITHIN TWO MONTHS, KEARNS WAS A POWER WITHIN THOSE WALLS... AND POWER IS... DANGEROUS!

SOMEBODY WITH A SHIV! I'LL SIGNAL MY MOB TO MOVE UP!



IN ONE MOTION KEARNS DUCKED, WHIRLED... AND GRABBED! HIS HAND CLOSED OVER A MOIST, SKINNY WRIST...

OW-W-W! DROP IT BEFORE I BREAK YOUR ARM! WHO SENT YOU? WAS IT PARKS?

THAT'S RIGHT, LEECH! IT WAS PARKS! NOW TURN HIM LOOSE!



I'LL TURN HIM LOOSE... WHEN I GET GOOD AND READY! IF YOU FEEL OTHERWISE... MAKE ME! YOU...UGH!

ALL RIGHT! I WILL!

HEY BOYS, LOOK!

HERE COMES LEECH'S PUNKS! LET 'EM HAVE IT!



WITHIN SECONDS...

THE GUARDS! THEY AREN'T EVEN PAYING ANY ATTENTION! THEY'RE PRETENDING NOT TO SEE!



FOR ALMOST TWENTY MINUTES, THE BATTLE RAGED...UNCHECKED! THEN...

LEECH! THIS ISN'T GETTING US ANYWHERE! I'LL TALK IF YOU WILL!

TALK? SURE I'LL TALK! HOLD IT, YOU GUYS! HOLD IT!



ALL RIGHT, PARKS! SPEAK YOUR PIECE!

OKAY! ALL THIS BATTLING AIN'T GETTING NEITHER OF US NOWHERE! YOU'VE GOT A PRETTY GOOD MOB WORKED UP NOW! I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU! FIFTY-FIFTY!



THIS WAS THE MOMENT THAT KEARNS HAD PLANNED, PLOTTED!

MAKE A DEAL, PARKS, BUT NOT WITH YOU! I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOUR BOSS!

I'LL
I'M THE BOSS!



DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! YOU MAY RUN THE RACKETS BUT SOMEBODYS TELLING YOU HOW! THAT'S THE BOY I'LL DO BUSINESS WITH!

ALL RIGHT! YOU'LL GET TO TALK WITH THE BOSS! AND I HOPE YOU CHOKE ON EVERY WORD!



LAUGHING, THE G-MAN WALKED AWAY! BUT HE WAS NOT LAUGHING INSIDE! SOON HE WOULD KNOW IF HIS HUNCH WAS RIGHT! ALL THAT DAY HE WAITED RESTLESSLY! AND THAT NIGHT...

WELL, COME IN, LEECH, COME IN! PARKS SAYS YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME!

YOU! NO WONDER THE RACKETS RAN SO SMOOTHLY! THAT KNIFE! IT'S GOT A THREE SIDED BLADE! LIKE THE ONE THAT KILLED MARSH!



SO YOU HAD A HUNCH, EH? PARKS SAID YOU WERE SMART! BUT SIT DOWN! SIT DOWN! HAVE A CIGAR! WE'VE GOT A LOT TO TALK OVER!

YEAH! WE SURE HAVE!



EVEN AS HE MADE HIS "DEAL" WITH THE WARDEN, THE G-MAN WAS REMEMBERING... ROLAND MARSH! SOON THE WARDEN WOULD PAY FOR THAT! BUT LATER, AS KEARNS WAS LEAVING...

PLEASANT DREAMS, G-MAN!



G-MAN? YOU DON'T THINK YOU WERE FOOLING ME, DO YOU G-MAN? IT WAS THE KNIFE THAT GAVE YOU AWAY! YOU KEPT STARING AT IT! IT SET ME THINKING! YOU'RE NO CON! YOU'RE WALTER KEARNS!



SO YOU GUESSED! I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS MY NUMBERS UP... JUST AS MARSH'S WAS WHEN YOU STABBED HIM!

MARSH TALKED TOO MUCH... AND YOU KNOW TOO MUCH! BUT DON'T WORRY! I'M NOT GOING TO KILL YOU! I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS FOR YOU!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! SOONER OR LATER I'LL BE MISSED!

WON'T I? YOU'RE GOING TO ESCAPE, KEARNS! AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS WILL SAY! AND MEANWHILE, YOU WILL BE RIGHT HERE IN SOLITARY WHERE I CAN GET YOU WHEN I WANT YOU!

YOU WANTED TO PLAY CONVICT, G-MAN! ALL RIGHT, GO AHEAD! LEARN WHAT IT'S REALLY LIKE! SLEEP TIGHT, G-MAN! HA, HA, HA, HA!



BURIED ALIVE! IN THAT BLACK, DEAD EMPTINESS, WALTER KEARNS LOST ALL TRACK OF TIME, BECAME A WITHERED, MISERABLE SHELL OF A MAN!

HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING BURIED DOWN HERE, G-MAN? YOUR F.B.I. FRIENDS ARE LOOKING FOR YOU! ONLY... THEY'RE LOOKING IN THE WRONG PLACE! HA, HA, HA!



DAYS, WEEKS, MONTHS! MONTHS OF BLACKNESS, OF EMPTINESS! AND THEN...

YOU CAME HERE TO LAUGH AT ME, BUT THIS TIME THE LAUGH IS ON YOU! HA, HA, HA, HA!

HIS MIND'S GONE! AND I THOUGHT G-MEN WERE SUPPOSED TO BE TOUGH!



SO FAR AS THE WARDEN WAS CONCERNED, WALTER KEARNS WAS NO LONGER A THREAT. BUT THE WARDEN WAS WRONG!

GENTLEMEN! THIS IS INDEED AN HONOR! AGENTS OF THE FBI ALWAYS ARE WELCOME HERE!

MAYBE YOU WON'T THINK SO WHEN WE GET THROUGH! WE WANT TO SEE YOUR SOLITARY CELLS, ROBERTS!





EXCLUSIVE! SENSATIONAL CONFESSION OF RALPH SLATER!



I'M RALPH SLATER. ONCE I HAD EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD TO LIVE FOR. AND THEN I THREW IT AWAY. BUT IT'S TOO LATE FOR SYMPATHY NOW. I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THE PRICE I'D HAVE TO PAY LONG AGO-- BEFORE I BECAME A...

BIG TIME FENCE!

Big 52 pages!
DON'T TAKE LESS!

READ THIS AMAZING EXPOSE AND OTHER OUTSTANDING FEATURES IN...

JUSTICE TRAPS THE MARCH NO. 24

GUILTY

CLOSEUPS

OFFICER LEON of a California city wishes that every lawbreaker had the guilty conscience that troubled the man who held up the Midtown Pharmacy.

Leon, alone in his prowl car, arrived at the pharmacy corner less than a minute after the thief had made his getaway on foot. Immediately, he drove west, then north, then east, hunting for his man. Before turning south and right in front of the police station, he saw a young man walking and called to him to find out if he had seen a suspicious character in the neighborhood.

Just as Leon started to get out of the car he received a call over his radio. He picked up the transmitter, asking the man to wait a minute. Instead, the man crossed the street and got in the prowl car, saying, "Okay, I'm your man. Let's go." The young man had failed to hear what Leon said and thought he was making an arrest.



So, for four straight nights, Harding balanced three jars of purple dye above a door. On the fourth night, the intruder called. When he opened the door, the jars tumbled off and spilled a vivid purple dye over him. The burglar scurried away, empty-handed.

Harding's next step was simple. He telephoned the police. It proved an easy matter for the officers to find the "purple man."

A SLIGHT OVERSIGHT

Trying a petty larceny case in an Oregon community some months ago, the prosecution came sharply to its feet, because a sharp-eyed attorney for the defense pointed out to the court that there wasn't any local law by means of which his client could be convicted.

The prosecution rubbed its eyes and sent out a hurried call for the City Council to pass a new ordinance! For a check of the records revealed that the city fathers, when they founded the town 80 years ago, failed to make it a crime to steal anything worth less than \$30.

CHAMPION DON JUAN

Said the judge in sentencing John Carlisle of London, England, to penal servitude for bigamy, "I think the world never contained a more infamous scoundrel than you."

And the judge was so right. Not only was Carlisle married to seven women at the same time, but he had become engaged to marry over five hundred more. When the police raided the Cupid Clearing House where Leslie lived in bachelor quarters, they found nearly 6000 love letters written by infatuated women to this handsome record-breaking Don Juan. And many of these letters had contained remittances of money to defray the imaginary hospital expenses, or cost of protracted illness, or to buy off creditors who were annoying their fiancée.

PRANK PAYS OFF

For months, an elusive housebreaker harassed Artist Timothy Harding. Hardly a week passed by that the burglar didn't break into Harding's paternal home in a rural community in Wales and make off with some valuable object.

Tired of the repeated burglaries, Harding determined to trap the robber. His small son suggested a schoolboy prank which Harding was willing to give a try.

A RECORD CATCH

Fred Mallard was going 80 miles an hour in California recently when a pursuing police officer's bullets caught up with him.

But Mallard's record went even faster than just speeding! Not long ago he slid down from the 13th floor of the General Hospital Prison Ward on a rope made of sheets. Then he stole a car and pulled off a \$900 safe robbery. Then he drove through the crowded streets at 80 miles an hour, cracking a utility pole and shearing off a water hydrant before a hail of bullets brought him down.

THE WRONG SIGN

George Ade, a deaf mute from Illinois was hailed into court by his wife on a charge of assault and battery. The judge administered justice to the guilty man by giving him a stiff fine.

Ade paid up, but afterwards finger-talked the judge until His Honor, half-dazed, absently nodded his head. Whereupon his wife rushed up to the bench crying, "Judge, my husband just asked you if he could beat me up again if he paid his fine and you nodded your head yes." The judge quickly called back Ade and shook his head no.

Meet Walter Duclair - brutal, callous, calculating. Nothing about his shameful scheme disturbed him - nothing, that is, except the startling discovery that staggered him at the payoff for the...

DEATH FLIGHT!



AT FOUR A.M. ON THE MORNING OF MAY 9, 1949, TWO MEN STOOD IN THE TICKET OFFICE OF INTERPORT AIRLINES, ONE OF THE LARGEST AIRPORTS IN THE EAST. ONE OF THESE TWO MEN HELD A WAD OF BILLS, THE OTHER... A GUN...

COME ON, COME ON, I WANT ALL OF IT! YOU'VE GOT MORE IN THAT DRAWER! I WANT IT! AND DON'T SO MUCH AS BLINK AN EYELASH WHILE YOU'RE GETTING IT! IT MIGHT BE YOUR LAST BLINK!

I... I'VE GIVEN YOU ALL OF IT! THE DRAWER'S EMPTY!



OKAY! THEN I'LL TAKE THAT BAG YOU KEEP UNDER THE COUNTER. THE ONE WITH THE REAL DOUGH IN IT! THE DOUGH YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DEPOSIT IN THE MORNING!

YOU... HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT? YOU... WAIT A MINUTE! THAT VOICE! I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE! DUCLAIR! YOU'RE WALTER DUCLAIR! THAT'S HOW YOU KNEW!





SO YOU RECOGNIZED ME, JOHNSON! **THAT'S TOO BAD!** BUT I'LL STILL TAKE THAT BAG! I HATE DOING THIS, JOHNSON... BUT I'VE GOT A WIFE AND KID TO THINK ABOUT!

NO, I... I'LL GIVE YOU THE BAG! YOU... DUCLAIR! YOU WOULDN'T...



DUCLAIR! WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS! YOU **WOULDN'T** KILL ME... **AAGH.H...**

SURE I WOULD! LIKE I SAID, JOHNSON... I'VE GOT A WIFE AND KID TO THINK ABOUT!



WALTER DUCLAIR RAN! BUT HE DID NOT GO FAR! FIGURE THIS ONE OUT, COPPERS!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HEY, TRACY, WHAT'S UP? I WAS WORKING IN NUMBER THREE HANGAR AND I HEARD SOMETHING THAT SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT!

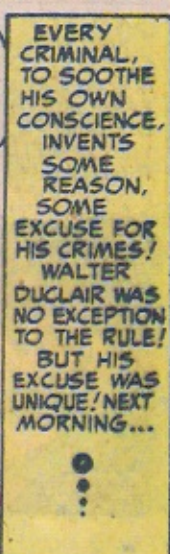
YOU HEARD A SHOT, ALL RIGHT! THAT HOLDUP MAN WHO'S BEEN PULLING STICK-UPS AROUND HERE JUST PULLED ANOTHER JOB! THE GUARDS SAY HE KILLED JOHNSON!



ALL RIGHT.. ALL RIGHT! BREAK IT UP! GO ON HOME!

I GUESS WE MIGHT AS WELL! IT'S ALMOST QUITTING TIME! BESIDES, THAT CROOK IS PROBABLY MILES AWAY FROM HERE, BY NOW!

YEAH... I'LL BET!



EVERY CRIMINAL, TO SOOTHE HIS OWN CONSCIENCE, INVENTS SOME REASON, SOME EXCUSE FOR HIS CRIMES! WALTER DUCLAIR WAS NO EXCEPTION TO THE RULE! BUT HIS EXCUSE WAS UNIQUE! NEXT MORNING...



NOW THAT WAS WHAT I CALL A GOOD BREAK-FAST! COME ON YOU TWO! REMEMBER THAT NEW CAR WE WERE LOOKING AT? WELL, WE'RE **BUYING** IT!

WALT! THAT'S WONDERFUL! BUT, THE MONEY... WALT! YOU'VE BEEN GAMBLING AGAIN! AND YOU PROMISED TO QUIT! YOU SAID...



NEVER MIND WHAT I SAID! MAYBE YOU'RE SATISFIED TO LIVE ON A MECHANIC'S PAY, BUT I'M NOT! IF I... GAMBLE... IT'S FOR **YOU AND MARIE!** NOW GET YOUR HAT!

I... YES, WALT!



BUT IF DUCLAIR'S WIFE DIDN'T KNOW THE TRUTH... SOMEONE ELSE DID!

SAY, THAT'S QUITE A BOAT YOU'VE GOT THERE, DUCLAIR! MUST HAVE COST YOU A FORTUNE! HOW ABOUT TELLING A GUY THE SECRET OF **HOW** YOU DO IT?

NO SECRET, TRACY! ALL IT TAKES IS **BRAINS**... AND **DOUGH!**



AND YOU KNOW HOW TO GET DOUGH, DON'T YOU, DUCLAIR? JUST LIKE YOU DID THE NIGHT JOHNSON WAS KILLED!

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? ARE YOU INSINUATING THAT I...WHY, YOU...



TAKE IT EASY, DUCLAIR! I CAN PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER! EVERY TIME A HOLDUP'S BEEN PULLED AROUND HERE, YOU SUDDENLY START SPENDING DOUGH! STOP ME IF I'M WRONG!

YOU'VE GOT A BIG MOUTH, TRACY! TOO BIG FOR YOUR OWN GOOD! I'LL STOP YOU! PERMANENTLY!



DON'T BE A FOOL! IF I WAS GOING TO HOLLER COPPER, I'D HAVE DONE IT LONG AGO! I LIKE EASY MONEY TOO, DUCLAIR! TOGETHER, WE COULD DO ALL RIGHT! HOW ABOUT IT?

SO THAT'S THE ANGLE! ALL RIGHT, TRACY! I'LL CUT YOU IN! I CAN USE YOU ON A JOB I'VE GOT FIGURED OUT!

FOR WEEKS, THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE FORMED THAT DAY DID NOTHING! THERE WAS A GOOD REASON FOR THAT IDLENESS...

MORE QUESTIONS! LOOK, DUCLAIR, I'M GETTING SICK OF THIS! IF I'M GOING TO COVER FOR YOU I WANT IT TO PAY OFF! WHEN DO WE PULL THAT BIG JOB YOU'RE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT?

WHEN THE HEAT'S OFF AND NOT BEFORE! THOSE COPS ARE STILL NOSING AROUND! THEY'VE GOT A HUNCH WHOEVER KILLED JOHNSON WORKS AROUND HERE! WE WAIT!



IT WAS MORE THAN A HUNCH THAT THE POLICE HAD! BUT THEN THERE WAS NOTHING FOR THEM TO GO ON! ONE DAY THE HEAT DIED! AND WHEN IT DID, WALTER DUCLAIR'S WARPED BRAIN WAS READY...



YOU'RE CRAZY! I WANT DOUGH, SURE! BUT IF I KNEW WHAT THIS BIG SCHEME OF YOURS WAS I'D NEVER HAVE THROWN IN WITH YOU!

SURE I'M CRAZY... LIKE A FOX! IT'S SO SIMPLE... IT'S BEAUTIFUL! EVERY PASSENGER ON A COMMERCIAL PLANE IS INSURED! ON INTERSTATE THAT INSURANCE IS TWENTY GRAND PER! THAT'S REAL DOUGH!



SURE IT IS! BUT...

BUT, MY EYE! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND SOME OLD BUM, SHOVE HIM ON A PASSENGER PLANE AND HAVE HIS INSURANCE MADE PAYABLE TO ONE OF US! THEN, WHEN THE PLANE CRASHES...

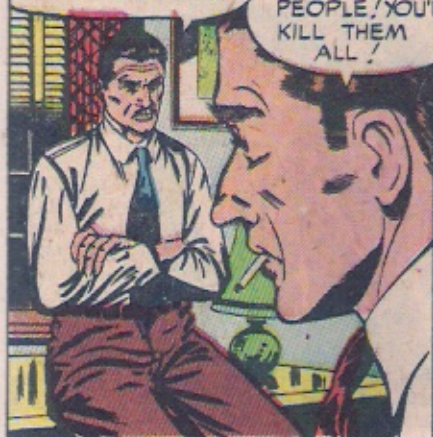
IT'S A CINCH! A CLOCK,
A FEW STICKS OF
DYNAMITE PLANTED
IN THE RIGHT SPOT
AND... **BLAM!**

YOU ARE
CRAZY!
THOSE PLANES
CARRY TWENTY
OR THIRTY
PEOPLE! YOU'D
KILL THEM
ALL!

LOOK, RAT, YOU ASKED
FOR AN IN! NOW YOU'VE
GOT IT! I'VE GOT ONE
KILLING TO ANSWER
FOR ALREADY... ADDING
YOU TO THE LIST
WOULDN'T MEAN
A THING! ARE
YOU IN OR NOT?

NO! WHY
THAT...
THAT'S
WHOLE-
SALE
MURDER!
I DIDN'T
BARGAIN
FOR THAT!
I...

YOU DIDN'T BARGAIN
FOR **THIS**, EITHER! AND
THIS IS JUST
A SAMPLE! **UGH!**



WALTER DUCLAIR'S
PARTNER WENT
DOWN... AND OUT!
WHEN HE OPENED
HIS EYES AGAIN,
IT WAS TO FIND
HIMSELF STARING
AT DEATH...

WHAT'LL IT BE, TRACY? A
FISTFULL OF DOUGH... OR
A RODFULL
OF LEAD!

I'LL TAKE
THE DOUGH!
I'LL DO
WHATEVER
YOU SAY!

THAT'S BETTER, TRACY!
WHEN I FIND A PROSPECT,
I'LL LET YOU KNOW!
SO LONG, FOR
NOW... PAL!



FOR A
MAN OF
WALTER
DUCLAIR'S
PECULIAR
TALENTS,
FINDING
A
"PROSPECT"
WAS
NO
GREAT
PROBLEM!
DUCLAIR
WENT
FISHING
IN THE
MURKY
WATERS
OF SKID
ROW!
WHAT
HE
HOOKED
WAS...

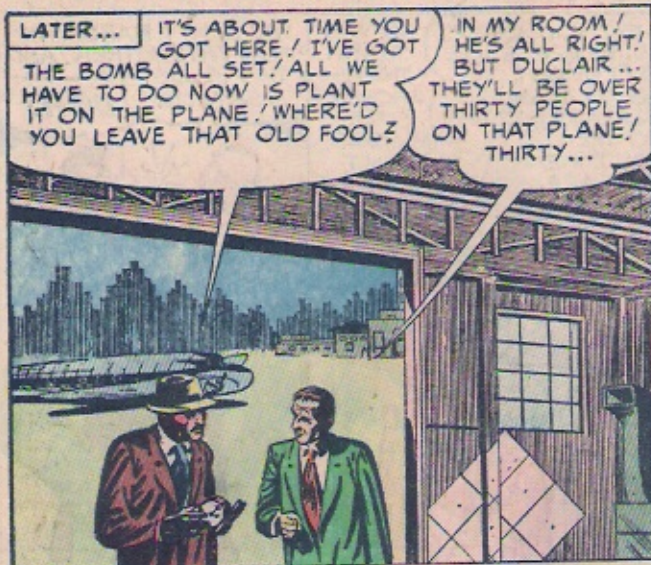
MAYBE
WE OUGHT
TO CALL
THE WHOLE
THING
OFF! I'M
SCARED!

I WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE
TO FIND THIS OLD WRECK!
YOU'RE GOING THROUGH WITH
IT! AFTER HE SLEEPS IT OFF,
GET HIM CLEANED UP! I'M
GOING DOWN TO GET HIS
TICKET! DON'T TRY TO PULL
ANYTHING,
EITHER!

DON'T
WORRY,
I... I
WON'T!

YOU'D BETTER NOT! THE BLUE
COMET TAKES OFF AT FIVE
IN THE MORNING AND **HE'S
GOING TO BE ON IT!** HE
THINKS HE'S TAKING A
MESSAGE TO BOSTON
FOR ME! THE OLD
SAP!





WALTER DUCLAIR WAS AN EXPERT MECHANIC! HIS DEVICE WHICH HE HID ABOARD THE BLUE COMET WAS SIMPLE... AND DEADLY! HE WAS GRINNING WHEN HE AND TRACY LEFT THE PLANE! BUT TRACY WAS NOT...



IN EVERY "PERFECT" PLAN, THERE IS ALWAYS AT LEAST ONE UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCE! THIS WAS DUCLAIR'S! BUT IT DID NOT ALTER HIS PLANS! LATER...

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHY?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO! THESE ARE RAILROAD TICKETS FOR YOU AND THE KID, TO BOSTON! I'M GOING ON AHEAD, NOW! YOU'LL FIND MY ADDRESS IN THIS ENVELOPE!



BUT, WHY?

BECAUSE I SAY SO! I'VE GOT A BIG DEAL ON! A BIG DEAL! WHEN IT'S OVER WE'LL BE ROLLING IN DOUGH! WE'RE LEAVING THIS BURG...FOR GOOD! JUST DO AS I SAY!



HELEN DUCLAIR LOVED HER HUSBAND! PERHAPS IN HIS WARPED, TWISTED WAY, HE LOVED HER TOO! BUT HE WAS NOT THINKING OF LOVE WHEN HE STOPPED AT TRACY'S ROOM! NOR LATER AT THE AIRPORT...

YOU'RE ALL SET, POP! HERE'S THE DOUGH I PROMISED YOU! REMEMBER, DELIVER THAT LETTER IN PERSON! NOW, YOU'D BETTER GET ABOARD!

UH... SURE...
YEAH... SURE...



FLIGHT NINE, THE BLUE COMET, NOW TAKING ON PASSENGERS! FLIGHT NINE TAKING ON PASSENGERS!

SO LONG, POP! GIVE MY REGARDS TO OLD SATAN HIMSELF!



WITHIN HALF AN HOUR, DUCLAIR WAS ON HIS WAY TO BOSTON! BY MORNING OF THE NEXT DAY, HE HAD ARRIVED! AND SOMETIME DURING THAT NIGHT...



IN BOSTON, WALTER DUCLAIR PAUSED ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO BUY A NEWSPAPER! IT TOLD OF THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF A MECHANIC NAMED TRACY... AND OF THE CRASH OF AN AIRLINER! THEN HE WENT ON TO THE HOTEL ROOMS HE HAD RESERVED...

HELLO, DUCLAIR, WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

POLICE! I... I... WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

WE'LL SHOW YOU, DUCLAIR! ALL RIGHT, JENNINGS! BRING HIM IN!



YOU! BUT IT... IT CAN'T BE!

IT CAN BE, DUCLAIR...AND IT IS! YOU SEE, YOUR FRIEND HERE MISSED THE PLANE! A GUARD FOUND HIM WANDERING AROUND THE AIRPORT WHERE YOU LEFT HIM! HE TOLD QUITE A STORY!





DAZEDLY, THE MAN WHO HAD LIED, STOLEN, MURDERED TO GIVE HIS WIFE AND CHILD LUXURIES THEY DID NOT ASK FOR RAISED THE SCRAP OF PAPER... THERE WAS NO SOUND AS HE READ! ONLY A WHISPERING-GASPING SOB...

TELEGRAM

DARLING: TRAIN TO BOSTON CANCELLED SO AM FLYING TO BOSTON WITH MARIE. MEET ME AT AIRPORT. ARRIVE 7:40 A.M. ABOARD THE BLUE COMET. LOVE HELEN

WALTER DUCLAIR HAD KILLED HIS OWN WIFE AND CHILD! COMPLETELY BROKEN, HE CONFESSED HIS CRIMES... AND THE STATE GAVE HIM MERCY! THE MERCY OF A QUICK DEATH... IN THE CHAIR!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc. REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

OF HEADLINE COMICS, published Bi-monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1950.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Maurice Rosenfield, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the HEADLINE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, a true statement of the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 337, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Headline Publications, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.; Editor, Nevyn Fidler, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.; Managing editor, none; Business manager, Maurice Rosenfield, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Headline Publications, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.; Michael M. Hertz, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.; Theodore Epstein, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

MAURICE ROSENFIELD, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1950.
Jean E. Schneider, Notary Public. (Commission expires March 30, 1951.)

THE GUILTY ALWAYS LEAVE A CLUE...

ASHES OF GUILT

ONLY a person who has patiently unraveled a skein of twisted yarn will understand the miraculous way in which Deputy Sheriff Len Raymond of a small Illinois county untangled the complicated murder plot that shocked and amazed the citizens of a Mississippi town and a California city a few years ago.

Kurt Grunden and his wife Eloise were among the most respected citizens of the Mississippi community. Modest and retiring, Eloise surprised her intimate friends when she reported that twice she had found a note tied to a milk bottle threatening her with death if she didn't leave her husband whom she dearly loved and elope with a man she scarcely knew.

Then one Sunday night it happened. Mrs. Grunden was seen walking in the park by some fellow lady club members. She seemed in good spirits, smiled and said that she was going to meet someone.

That was the last that was seen of Mrs. Grunden. Mr. Grunden promptly reported her disappearance to the police. He also mentioned the threatening notes she had received. They had been signed "James" and he assumed that his wife had destroyed them. Neither he nor she had taken them seriously.

For five weeks there was no trace of Mrs. Grunden to be found. Then, in April, two fishermen, rowing on the broad bosom of the Mississippi River found a boat floating down stream. Its only occupant was the dead body of a woman. The place is between Missouri and Illinois. And here is where Sheriff Len Raymond stepped into the picture and took charge of the case.

DISCOVERS POSTCARD

In the woman's purse was found a picture postcard addressed to Mrs. Edna Rojackie, Tennessee. On the other side a message: "Hope you are well. Regards from all. George."

There were no signs of violence. Dr. Benjamin Bryant said that the woman appeared to be in good health and suggested that an autopsy should be performed if a relative could be found to give the necessary permission.

At the undertaker's an envelope was found pinned to one of the woman's undergarments. It contained \$45 in cash and a card which identified her

as Mrs. Eloise Grunden of Mississippi, and directed that in the event of accident or death, her sister, Mrs. Ward Arthur of Illinois was to be notified. Mrs. Arthur said that the deceased looked like her sister, a small woman, whom she had not seen for 20 years. She also said that she did not know her sister had married Mr. Grunden.

Kurt Grunden, upon his arrival from Mississippi, set all doubt at rest by identifying the body as belonging to his beloved wife, Eloise, who he said had a bad heart.

Grunden was not willing at first for an autopsy to be made, but Raymond insisted. The toxicologist reported that he found enough strychnine in her stomach to have killed six persons. Further questioning of Grunden revealed that his wife had \$40,000 life insurance and he had \$20,000. But he had plenty of witnesses back in Mississippi to prove that he was there all the time and could not have murdered his wife eight miles north of St. Louis. Meanwhile Raymond had slipped away to Mississippi to examine the Grunden home while Grunden was making arrangements to bury his wife in Illinois.

TELEGRAM CONFUSES ISSUE

When Sheriff Raymond returned to Illinois, he found that a telegram had come in his absence from California police informing him that Eloise Grunden had been arrested there and was being held for him.

Confronted with this news, Kurt Grunden stoutly declared, "That's utterly ridiculous. I surely know my wife's body when I see it." But Raymond pressed him closely and Grunden began to hem and haw and contradict himself. It was then that Sheriff Raymond played his trump card. "The mistake you made, Grunden, was to burn a recent letter from your wife and leave the ashes in your fireplace at home. The handwriting of your wife, giving her address in California, showed up white on the black ash of the paper."

Grunden then confessed that he and his wife and a friend named Quick had framed the whole scheme to collect and split the insurance. When he read about the disappearance of Mrs. Arthur's sister 20 years ago, he advertised for a housekeeper and interviewed over 100 applicants in Tennessee until he found one who looked like the newspaper description of the sister, as well as like Eloise Grunden. Quick had poisoned the housekeeper, stolen the boat and set the body afloat.

Subsequently Quick died, Mrs. Grunden died in the jail at California, and Kurt Grunden got life imprisonment.



Somewhere in the dense wildness of the tiny island lurked a spider--a spider who wove the most vicious web of terror and death that ever challenged the ingenuity of a...

JUNGLE SLEUTH!



ALMOST LOST IN THE VAST EX-PANSE OF THE PACIFIC IS A SMALL TROPICAL ISLAND CALLED TRINAC. VISITORS ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN ON TRINAC. BUT ON THE MORN-ING OF APRIL 9, 1949, THE ISLAND DID HAVE A VISITOR... A VISITOR CALLED DEATH...



AND ON THE AFTERNOON OF THAT SAME DAY, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN THE CITY OF BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA.

WHOEVER THIS FRITZ IS, HE'S EFFICIENT, ACCORD-ING TO THIS RADIOGRAM YOU SHOWED ME, THE MURDER ONLY TOOK PLACE THIS MORNING.

HE'S EFFICIENT, ALL RIGHT! HE RADIOED US ALMOST AS SOON AS HE DISCOVERED THE BODY! BUT IT'S NOT SURPRISING! WE'VE CHECKED ON HIM! HE'S AN **EFFICIENCY EXPERT!**



ACE PHOSPHATES PRACTICALLY OWNS TRINAC. THEY SENT FRITZ DOWN THERE TO STEP UP PRODUCTION! WHEN YOU GET THERE, HE OUGHT TO BE USEFUL! HE'S AN **AUTHORITY** ON THE ISLANDS!

THAT'S IT, THEN! I'LL BE ON MY WAY! AS THE AMERICANS SAY... WILL DO!



WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS OF THE TIME THAT JAMES BROCK, SENIOR MANAGER OF THE ACE PHOSPHATES CO., WAS MURDERED, SENIOR DETECTIVE SERGEANT LUKE MACAULEY WAS AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

YOU'LL BE WANTING TO SEE THE MURDER WEAPON AND THE PLACE WHERE THE CRIME WAS COMMITTED, SERGEANT! THE MURDERER IS STILL **ON THE ISLAND!** NO SHIPS HAVE LEFT SINCE...

SURE, FRITZ! BUT FIRST, I WANT A SHOWER! YOU REALLY GET WEATHER DOWN HERE! WHEW!



A SHOWER! THAT'S HARDLY EFFICIENCY, SERGEANT! WHILE YOU DAWDLE THE KILLER MIGHT BE MAKING HIS ESCAPE!

THE KILLER ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE! I STOPPED IN AT THE MAIN OFFICE OF ACE PHOSPHATES BEFORE I FLEW OUT! THEY TOLD ME THAT THERE'S JUST ONE SHIP A MONTH IN HERE!



THIS ISLAND IS JUST SIX MILES SQUARE, MR. FRITZ... AND IT'S A THOUSAND MILES FROM THE MAINLAND! THE KILLER IS STILL HERE AND I'LL **FIND HIM!** BUT FIRST, I WANT THAT SHOWER!

I SEE! VERY WELL, THEN! KOLO, HERE, WILL DRIVE YOU TO YOUR BUNGA-LOW! HE'LL BRING YOU OVER TO MY PLACE WHEN YOU'VE HAD YOUR SHOWER! GOOD-BYE, SERGEANT!



LATER...

TELL ME, KOLO... WHAT DID YOU THINK OF MR. BROCK? WAS HE THE SORT OF MAN WHO PROVOKED KILLING?

NO, NO! MEESTER BROCK GOOD MAN! ALL BOY LIKE MEESTER BROCK! GOOD MAN! KIND MAN!



HMM! OKAY, KOLO! BRING THE JEEP AROUND FRONT! I WANT YOU TO DRIVE ME OVER TO MR. FRITZ'S PLACE! I'LL BE READY IN A FEW MINUTES!



TRINAC ISLAND IS SMALL, BUT EXCEPT FOR THE BARREN HILL FROM WHICH IT'S PHOSPHATES ARE DUG, IT IS JUNGLE... JUNGLE SO DENSE THAT IT IS A PERFECT HIDING PLACE FOR... A KILLER!

KOLO! WHAT...

AH-HH-HH!



FOR SO BIG A MAN, MACAULEY COULD MOVE WITH AMAZING SWIFTNESS! IN AN INSTANT, HE HAD SEIZED THE WHEEL AND BROUGHT THE JEEP TO A HALT!

DEAD...KILLED BY A DART...



LATER... IT'S A DART FROM A BLOWGUN! AND IT'S POISONED TO BOOT! KARILI JUICE! KILLS ALMOST AT ONCE! I WAS RIGHT! THE KILLER IS A NATIVE!

MAYBE!

MAYBE! JUST WHAT ARE YOU INSINUATING? IT TAKES YEARS TO LEARN TO USE A BLOWGUN ACCURATELY! IT HAS TO BE A NATIVE!



THERE ARE THREE WHITE MEN ON THIS ISLAND BESIDE MYSELF AND SEVERAL HUNDRED NATIVES AND CHINESE LABORERS! THE KILLER COULD BE ANYONE!

THEN YOU MIGHT TRY TO FIND WHICH ONE! IT WOULD SEEM TO ME THAT THE PLACE TO BEGIN IS BROCK'S BUNGALOW!

TO THE THREE MEN WHO WATCHED MACAULEY INSPECT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, HE MUST HAVE SEEMED A SLOW, PLODDING FOOL! BUT THOSE TINY, DEEP-SET EYES MISSED VERY LITTLE...

TWO FLOWER POTS! THE TRACES OF EARTH ON THE FLOOR INDICATES THERE WAS A THIRD! HAS ANYONE BEEN IN HERE SINCE YOU FOUND THE BODY, FRITZ?

OF COURSE NOT! I SAW TO THAT, BUT FLOWER POTS HARDLY SEEM TO HAVE A BEARING ON MURDER!

THEY MIGHT...IF THE KILLER ACCIDENTALLY BROKE ONE AND STOPPED TO CLEAN UP THE MESS BEFORE HE LEFT!

OF COURSE A MURDERER WOULD STOP TO CLEAN UP AFTER KILLING A MAN! THAT IDEA REALLY IS RIDICULOUS!



PROBABLY! IT DOES SEEM UNLIKELY! TELL ME...WHO ON THIS ISLAND WOULD KNOW EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON IN WAY OF NATIVE GOSSIP!

THAT WOULD BE CHANG, HE HEARS JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON!

AND JUST WHO IS THIS CHANG?

HE RUNS THE BAR AND GAMBLING HOUSE! IT'S THE ONLY AMUSEMENT PLACE ON THE ISLAND! I'LL TAKE YOU THERE!

AS FOR ME, I'M FOR BED! GOOD NIGHT!

AND ME! IF YOU SHOULD MANAGE TO STUMBLE OVER ANYTHING, MACAULEY, LET ME KNOW! BUT I DOUBT IT!



LATER, MACAULEY VISITED CHANG'S!

NO! NO!
I KNOW
NOTHING!
NOTHING!

ALL RIGHT, CHANG! YOU'VE BEEN
TELLING US THAT FOR HALF AN
HOUR NOW! IF YOU WON'T TALK,
I CAN'T FORCE YOU!
FORGET IT!



HE'S SCARED!
HE DOES
KNOW
SOMETHING!
BUT
WHAT!

I'M NOT SURE, BUT
I'VE GOT AN IDEA! HE
WOULDN'T BE THAT
WORRIED IF THE INFOR-
MATION HE'S HIDING WAS
ABOUT A NATIVE! IT IS JUST
POSSIBLE THAT... COME ON!
I WANT TO SEE THE COMPANY
BOOKS!



THAT NIGHT...

NO QUESTION
ABOUT IT,
MACAULEY! THERE'S A BIG
SHORTAGE! SOMEONE'S
DONE A CLEVER JOB, BUT
ANY ONE OF US, INCLUDING
BROCK, MIGHT HAVE DONE
IT! BUT WHAT WOULD
ANYONE DO
WITH MONEY
HERE?

I CAN ANSWER
THAT ONE!
GAMBLE AT
CHANG'S! THAT'S
WHY CHANG WAS
SCARED! HE
KNOWS! I'M
GOING BACK
THERE! THIS TIME,
HE'LL TALK!



BUT CHANG WAS NOT TO TALK THAT NIGHT!
NOT THAT NIGHT... NOR EVER!

CHANG...
ANOTHER
DART...



NEXT NIGHT...

I'VE CALLED YOU
HERE BECAUSE
I THINK YOU
SHOULD KNOW
WHAT I HAVE
DECIDED! WHILE
IT IS POSSIBLE
THAT THE
KILLER IS
A NATIVE...
I DON'T
THINK SO!

IN OTHER
WORDS, YOU
THINK IT WAS
ONE OF US!

AND MAY
I ASK
HOW YOU
ARRIVED
AT THAT
CONCLUSION,
SERGEANT!

BY LISTING MY FACTS... AND
CONNECTING THEM! ONE...
BROCK IS KILLED! TWO...
A SHORTAGE IS FOUND
IN THE COMPANY BOOKS!
THREE...
CHANG IS
KILLED! IT
ALL TIES
TOGETHER!

THAT MAY
MAKE SENSE
TO YOU, BUT
NOT TO US!
HOW DOES
IT TIE
TOGETHER?



SIMPLY! THE KILLER IS NOT
ONLY A KILLER BUT ALSO AN
EMBEZZLER AND A GAMBLER!
BROCK WAS KILLED BECAUSE
HE DISCOVERED THE
SHORTAGE! CHANG...
BECAUSE HE KNEW
WHO HAD BEEN
LOSING HEAVILY
IN GAMBLING!

AND
KOLO!
WHAT
ABOUT
KOLO?



CAMOUFLAGE! KOLO WAS KILLED FOR ONLY ONE REASON! TO MAKE ME THINK THE MURDERER WAS A NATIVE! BUT I KNOW DIFFERENT! I DID SOME HUNTING THIS MORNING AND I FOUND...THESE!



WHY, IT'S NOTHING BUT THE BROKEN PIECES OF A FLOWER POT!



THAT'S RIGHT! THE ONE BROKEN IN BROCK'S ROOM! AND ONE OF THE PIECES HAD A FINGERPRINT ON IT! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MATCH IT!

I HAVE THE PIECE WITH THE PRINT IN MY EUNGALOW! I INTEND TO FINGERPRINT EVERYONE ON THIS ISLAND... BEGINNING WITH YOU THREE TOMORROW MORNING AT NINE! GOOD NIGHT, GENTLEMEN!



WHEN THE THREE MEN HAD LEFT, MACAULEY RETURNED TO THE PALM-THATCHED HUT WHICH WAS HIS TEMPORARY HOME! THERE HE MADE CERTAIN PREPARATIONS FOR THE VISITOR HE KNEW WOULD COME!



NOW! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WAIT!



GOOD-BYE, MR. MACAULEY!

THE DART FROM A BLOWGUN IS SWIFT...AND SILENT!



ARGHH!

YOU... YOU!

YOU WERE TOO CLEVER, SERGEANT! TOO BAD! BUT DON'T WORRY! IT WILL ONLY HURT FOR A MOMENT MORE! THEN...

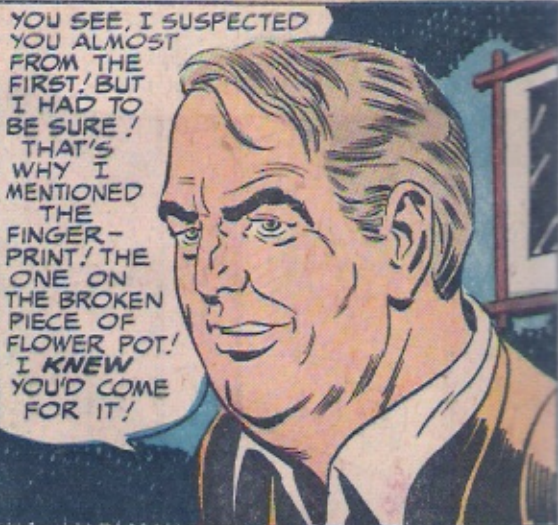




IT SHOULD HAVE, BUT IT DIDN'T! THERE WERE THREE INCHES OF CLOTH PADDING BETWEEN THAT DART AND MY SPINE, FRITZ! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

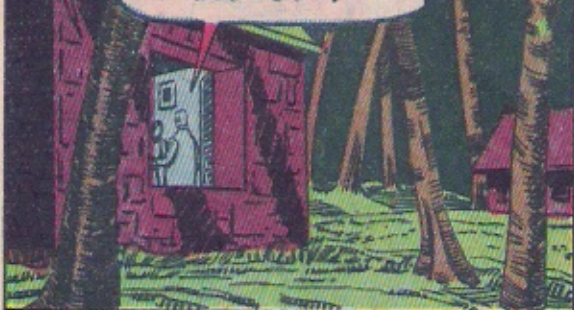


YOU SEE, I SUSPECTED YOU ALMOST FROM THE FIRST! BUT I HAD TO BE SURE! THAT'S WHY I MENTIONED THE FINGER-PRINT! THE ONE ON THE BROKEN PIECE OF FLOWER POT! I *KNEW* YOU'D COME FOR IT!



SMART, AREN'T YOU?

NOT SO SMART! BUT *YOU* WERE STUPID! IT ALMOST *HAD* TO BE YOU! *YOU* WERE AN EXPERT ON BOOKS! *YOU* WERE AN EXPERT ON THE ISLAND! IF IT WASN'T A NATIVE, IT *HAD* TO BE YOU! *YOU* WERE THE ONLY ONE LIKELY TO KNOW HOW TO USE A BLOWGUN!



FUNNY, THOUGH, I DIDN'T THINK OF ALL THOSE FACTS! NOT UNTIL I FOUND OUT ABOUT THE MISSING FLOWER POT! IT TAKES A PECULIAR KIND OF MAN TO STOP AND CLEAN UP A BROKEN FLOWER POT AFTER COMMITTING MURDER!



A MAN LIKE YOU! A MAN IN WHOM NEATNESS AND SYSTEM ARE SO EMBEDDED THAT HE WOULD DO IT AUTOMATICALLY! AN EFFICIENT MAN!



BUT EVEN THEN I DIDN'T HAVE PROOF! THAT WAS WHY I SET THIS TRAP, FRITZ! AND YOU FELL FOR MY BAIT! *YOU* CAME LOOKING FOR A FINGERPRINT THAT EXISTS ONLY IN MY HEAD!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



I DON'T HAVE YOUR FINGER-PRINT! I DON'T EVEN HAVE THE FLOWER POT *YOU* BROKE! THE PIECES I SHOWED YOU WERE FROM A POT *I* BROKE MYSELF! ONE FLOWER POT IS LIKE ANOTHER... AND ONE KILLER IS LIKE ANOTHER, TOO! THEY ALL WIND UP THE SAME WAY! ON THE GALLOWES! LET'S GO, FRITZ!

